'Ya hear about Al plowing through the graves? His Camaro is torn to shit.' ‘Is Bel still round?’ ‘She’s markedup, helled, I wouldn’t go…’ The lumpen’s innerjacket salvo pilled demersal chance, resiled aporia. His folks could wait another year. Despumed the emigrant hepatic. Kicked from car the cat emboweled paroxys at their feet, his arm her nails menisc to match on neck the filial wont. Classes change faroff. An eye has never impetrated thus as Taco Bell emetic glissandos. Her word he waited gelid, prepped. Her word no more its death. Immortal not for he.